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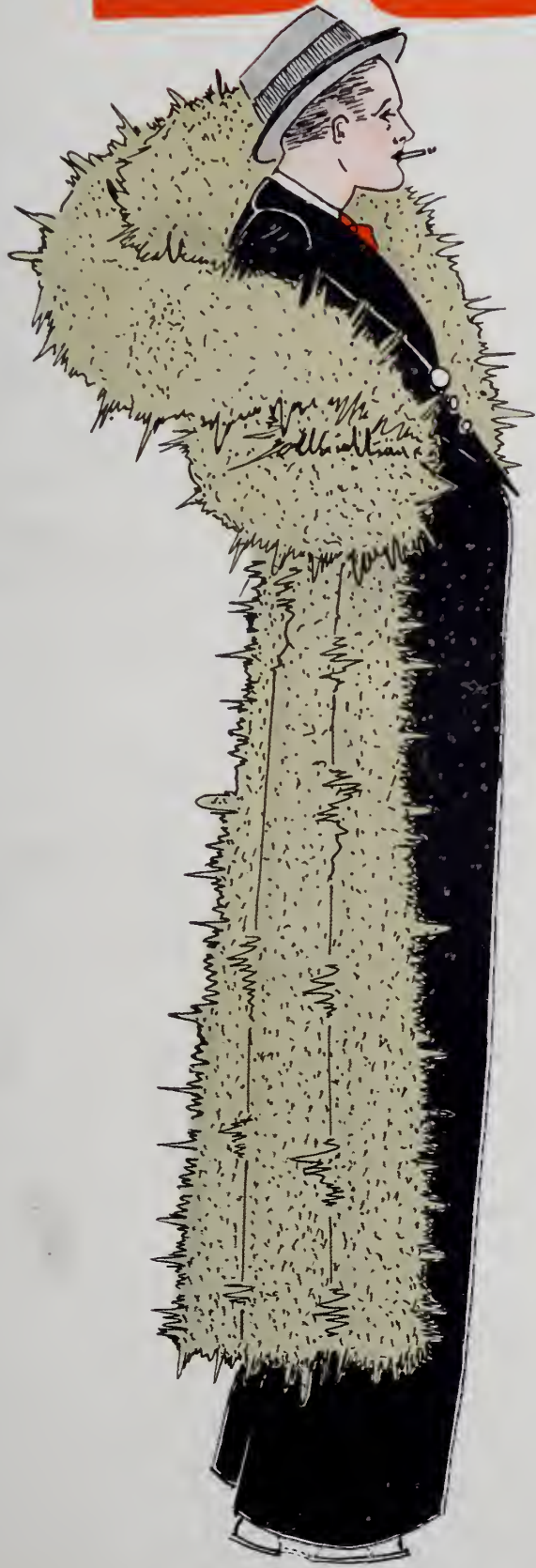




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Colored Man: "Boss, de ladies has finally giv' in, ain't they?"

White Man: "Give in? How?"

C. M.: "Well, I just now seen a sign down the street that said: 'Ladies Ready-to-wear clothes'."—*Yellow Jacket.*

—————

"Is this Monday or Tuesday?"

"Tuesday."

"Then I've certainly had a hard day of it."—*Tiger.*

—————

Pledge at dinner table: Must I eat this egg?

Brother: Yer damnright!

Silence —————

Pledge: The beak, too?—*Kitty Kat.*

—————

Paul: "Hey, you—your gun isn't loaded."

Eck: "Can't help it; bird won't wait."—*Ollapod.*

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There was a terrible accident over in Glasgow the other day. Two taxicabs collided and thirty Scotchmen were seriously injured.—*Chanticleer.*



First Roman Citizen: "Hail, Petronius."
Second Roman Citizen: "Hail, hell—that's the ashes from Vesuvius."—*Purple Parrot.*

He: I've never seen such dreamy eyes.
She: You've never stayed so late before!—*Judge.*



"Well, I think I'll put the motion before the house," said the chorus girl, as she danced out on the stage.—*Ghost.*



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Padre: You'll ruin your stomach, my good man, drinking that stuff.

Old Soak: S'all right. It won't show with my coat on.—*Cornell Widow.*

—•••••—

"They call her Checkers. She jumps when you make a bad move."—*Iowa Frivol.*

—•••••—

"Let's go down and watch the woman's crew."

"Why?"

"The paper says the coach now has the girls rowing in combinations."—*Widow.*

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And he said unto the LIGHT:
"Either you or I, old FELLOW
Will be turned down TONIGHT."

Orange Bowl.

No. 165501 (jumping up in a rage after the prison movie show): Dammit, a serial, and I'm to be hung next week.—*Parrakeet.*

She (drawing away): Oh, that reminds me
He: What?

She: I forgot to order onions with the steak for tomorrow's dinner.—*Blue Baboon.*

They laughed when I sat down at the piano. It was fully five minutes before I could find the slot for the nickel!—*Satyr.*

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Second Student: No, I backed into a stove.

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Tom Bass

"What's the charge for this battery?"

"Three amperes."

"Well, how much is that in American money?"—*Black and Blue Jay.*

Amateur Hunter: "What is the name of the species I just shot?"

Guide: "I've been investigating and he says his name is Smith."
—*Royal Purple.*

"Ikey, I hear you had a fire last Thursday."

"Sh! Next Thursday."—

—*Mugwump.*

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THE KNIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS



THE LEHIGH BURR



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MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATION OF COLLEGE COMICS OF THE EAST.

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Mixed Emotions

The passing of another gloriously gay string of holidays leaves us with the usual editorial "mixed emotions". There's something nice about stumbling in at dawn and being aware of the fact that 8 o'clock is nothing but just one of those times when the clock strikes. It's relieving to cast tooth paste and shaving cream and yes, even razor blades, about without thought of parasitical brethren. Go to bed when we would the full quota of blankets was always present and the entire array of neckwear greeted us at each visit to the dressing chambers. It was pleasant too, and so novel, to approach the festal board and declare the food good because we liked it and not merely because it could be eaten without serious internal disruption.

And there were other things. It was great to see Annabelle again—the first time since house-party—even if she was all cluttered up with dates with some Penn loafer. But it's our opinion that Vivienne does almost as well. And she's less expensive. Her temperance cuts bottle charges in two. But perhaps this is all too personal. The fact remains that intimate association with our female relatives for some three and a half days is probably responsible for our failure to denounce our Freshman roommate as a blankety blank, blank, blank every time he enters or leaves the room.



Yuletide

There remain only some 15 or 16 days 'till we leave to greet the Yuletide and we can see no point in settling down to any serious labor for so short a period. We really must be catching up on our matinees which we have neglected

scandalously for the past week and there is Jeanne across town who is crying for a little attention. There can be no valentines between now and Christmas so we've humored the family as much as we can anyway. And most important of all, if we are to bear up under the liquid festivities of what promises to be the best welcome to Kid 1929 we have known, we simply must be getting into form. And so, cheerio, and to Harry Gables—



Packard Lab.

Because we have been looking at the dam' thing every day for too long, and because every fellow-looker, without exception, has had the originality to remark "some building, eh?", and because we have as yet refrained from practicing the gentle art of murder on any of them, but because we have several times been on the very point of it, we extend greetings to the constructors of Packard Lab., wishing them all possible speed and after completion—oblivion.



Eats

Eats!! The slothful cry hoarsely blares forth in mad delight, shattering the oily silence of the evening with its sly, sinister meaning. There is a muffled scraping of a thousand chairs, as the occupants, hypnotized by a single word, dash wildly for the door. The race is on. Down the gaunt stairs thunder the raving mob. They shout and growl at the poor "eatsman", overwhelming him with their uncontrollable desire for cake, sandwiches and ice-cream.

All is silent except for an occasional 'wisecrack', thrust hurriedly through the crunching, munching

jaws of the feasters. As the last drop of ice-cream disappears down that awful chasm of emptiness, the poor souls rise dejectedly from their seats and file slowly upstairs. Their heads hang low, their spirits lower. Back to the old grind, the toil, and the work of the evening—well—damn the eats-man.



Diversions

Since football season ended we have been having a hell of a time passing away the time until the Christmas holidays. The mornings have been terribly dreary without any arguments on the relative standings of teams to rave about. Instead of spending the long afternoons watching the team practice we have been forced to resort to the movies. We have had a hard time finding something to discuss in our nightly bull-sessions as it has been tough to discuss women from supper to bed-time every night.

And the weekends have been terrible without football games. And on Sundays we have no football results to fight about but have had to resort to the funny papers for our chief enjoyment.

If this sort of life is to continue we must do something about it. We might organize a strike among the students or burn a building or so down for excitement. Then again, we might start fights with the cops every day so that we could pay bigger and better fines to the city. This might also give us the diversion of spending a few nights in jail. We might shave the heads of all our professors, the conceited ones might then be squelched. This could be made an old Lehigh tradition. We might try to chase all the squirrels off the campus. If worst comes to worst we might make our classes.

A CHRISTMAS ALPHABET FOR FRESHMEN

A is for Absence

From school for a week,

B is for Booze

Which many will seek,

C is for Car

That we'll drive in great style,

D is for Dates

That we'll have all the while,

E is for Eats

And all will agree,

F is for Family

They're glad to see me,

G is for Girl friend,

She surely is sweet,

H is for Home,

Where I'll at least sleep,

I is for Income,

Three months' we'll spend,

J is for Jail

Where I hope we don't end,

K is for Kale

Lots of it we'll spend,

L is for Late hours

We'll stay up no end,

M is for Motor,

Don't skid on the ice,

N is for Necking,

And Naughty and Nice,

O is for Oblivion

To all outside care,

P is for Presents

Both many and rare,

Q is for Qualms

Of our conscience, a few,

R is for Ride,

Which caused much ado,

S is Smooth women,

And Santa Claus too,

T is for Tea Dances

Only too few,

U's University

Our ball, chain, and fetter,

V is Vacation

The longer the better,

W is Women

And Whoopee we'll make,

X is for Xmas

All this for its sake,

Y is for Youth

Happy hours we'll spend,

Z only means

That this is the end.



First Student—Do you think we'll make Chapel this morning?

Second Sleepy One—Why, hasn't she been made yet?

Her father hates me;
Her mother rates me
Lower than low.
She has no dough.

She's not a good looker;
You wouldn't book her
For Saturday dates.
Her eyes aren't mates.

I take her out;
There is no doubt
She's pretty sweet.
In a rumble seat.

Men don't like the bims
Who wear glasses with rims.

There, there, little pussy, don't you cry;
You'll be a raccoon coat bye and bye.

TRIALS OF A NEW-BORN

"Now folks, I'll be damned if I can see why these folks want me to learn to walk. I guess I can drive a car as well as they, and besides they want me to learn to talk. Why gosh—I'm going to learn to use a radio like them, and all they do is,

"Ischy little sweetums going to gib me a kiss?"

Hell, I don't want my necking yet but—here comes my milk. I hope they didn't put water in it. I don't like my drinks mixed."



The tall thin aviator stood near his aeroplane and sighed.

"What", I asked, "Might be your trouble?"

"Oh dear!" He answered, "My first wife was killed in an aeroplane."

"But you've married again."

"Yes, but my second wife won't enter the plane."



'32: "You see, prof, the reason I cut this class last week was because I had to hurry and see my sick grandmother. I'm very sorry but it couldn't be helped."

Prof.: "And how is she?"

'32: (enthusiastically) "O great—she's leaving for Vassar next—Oh—er—not so well today."



Would you rather be virtuous and honored,
or mischievous and popular?

Oh I don't know—I'd love to be honored
sometime.



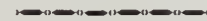
Cornelius Vanderbilt used to run the ferry
from the Battery to Staten Island

What a brute he must have been to row them
big boats.



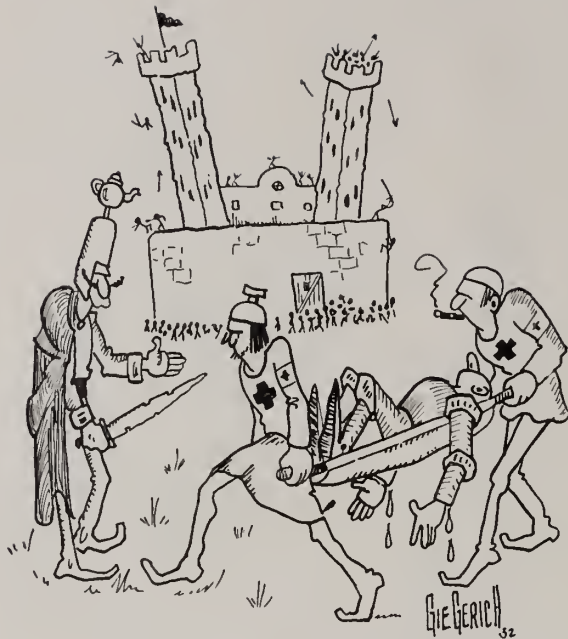
SONG OF THE DRUNK

I'm going straight to Hell, boys,
My hand's on the throttle;
So when I leave these earthly joys,
Just pour me back in the bottle.



SPRING

In the Spring a young man's fawncy
Turns to thoughts of love, they say—
But as foah ME, I cawn't be boathe'd;
Love is common . . . everyday!
Why not think the thoughts uplifting,
Goageous ones of birds and trees;
Daffodils and pret-ty pawnsies?
Nature's loveliness, b'jeez!
Think of rye and corn and such,
Maybe dande-lions, too;
Praise old Mothoah Natuah's fluids,
Gin and Scotch foah me and you!



Just when his country needs him most he sweats so much that he fills up his armor and drowns.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Student; buying a pair socks: "I rather like that pair of socks."

Clerk, selling (?) same: "They are very good looking but they are not imported."

Student; "Oh, that's all right, a week on these feet and they will have a very foreign air."

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Integration,
Differentiation,
Calculation,
Stay-up-lat-ion,
Probation,
Ruinaton.

—That's Calculus.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Is there any sense in being honest?
Certainly not a matter of dollars.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Joe Mope wanted to be patriotic, so he didn't buy a Rhode Island Red for Thanksgiving.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

Professor: And here we see how the artist has poured out his soul into this drawing.

Stude: And there he spilled some on the border.

Smith: Lady, your horse has lost two of his old shoes.

S Y T: Have you a pair of oxfords to put on him?

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

How To Write A Letter To Your Girl In Two Nights

My girl, I do not wish to slight—
What the hell should I write tonight?
A ditty would go very well;
But what she likes, I could not tell.
I've told her that I love her so,
But still her answer is but "No";
She doesn't like the humorous style
Or else I'd write it all the while
I cannot seem to grasp her likes;
Her heart is full of railroad spikes
She is my cause for pain and sorrow
Aw, hell, I'll leave the damn thing for
tomorrow.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

A Statistic Course We Would Enjoy

In New York City, 959,335 women said "No" last year and meant "Yes".

In 1928 in the United States, of the 1,043 Phi Bet's graduated, 53 became gunmen, 67 were motormen, 68 were newsboys, and the rest committed suicide.

Chloroform will produce complete coma on any policeman in three minutes.

In Hollywood, 98% of all the attractive women are makeable.

80% of the coeds in this country do not go to college for an education.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~



Club life in America

APPEARANCES

He waited impatiently at the foot of the stairs for her to appear. Fifteen minutes later his vigil was rewarded. As she paused at the top of the steps she was truly a vision of loveliness. Her hair, her eyes, and her figure, everything made him want to snatch her in his arms. As she reached the foot of the stairs a thousand thoughts raced through his mind, as he nonchalantly lighted a Murad. She was without doubt, lovely, but it was his first date with her, was the hired car and the moonlight to be of no avail?

"How do I look, John?" her question brought him back to the present.

"Dearest, you look mighty good to me," he answered.

"Well", she said with a pretty little frown, "you mustn't let appearances mislead you."

Stop here and pray
For Jake McCroften.
He said "You try it"
Once too often.

Shed here a tear
For Lena McBride.
She tried to walk home.
From an Airplane ride.

The main reason why I came to college is that I get so much pleasure going home week-ends.

I ought to be a good bridge player. I hold such beautiful hands.

We just heard about the Scotchman who licked his eye glasses after eating grapefruit.

Evolution in Sayre Park

Don't, don't, don't, stop!
Don't, don't, don't, stop!
Don't stop.

"Here's one man who's going out of prison straight", said the undertaker as he screwed the lid on the coffin.



It may be the woman who pays — but it's the man who carries the bundles

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

A FROSH' "IF"

If I was tall, and he was small;
If I wasn't a gentleman, and he not a thug
If I didn't feel squelched when he passed me by
Or if things were only reversed,
And I wasn't a frosh,
I'd sock that soph.

As this issue goes to press, Jackie Coogan and Rin-tin-tin have not yet come out for Lucky Strikes.

Yale: Who are those fellows going down the street?

Princeton: They're not fellows; those are Harvard men.

Famous last words: This stuff wouldn't even hurt a fly.

Remember the Scotchman who saved his Red Cross pin from one year to the next.

She: Don't you think Jack is sad to-night?

He: Sad! Why, he's as melancholy as the undertaker when he notices a new doctor moving into town.

Parents want to know who this Miss Cellaneous is that their sons are always drawing money out of the bank for.

KILL THAT GUY!

Remember the old duck who discovered that a body displaced it's own weight in water, by overflowing a tub one day? I just discovered that he was all wrong by trying the same experiment.

And what reason can you give for the overflow?

Very simple—the bathtub was too full.

The Moon shone down on the peaceful earth like a ball of silver. Myraids of stars peeped down on the beautiful garden, lending mystic enchantment to the setting. The youth stole softly across the velvety lawn to the shadow of the gate. His heart was beating wildly at last the moment was at hand! His arm described a gesture of triumph: turning, he ran wildly from the spot. Came a sudden crash! His mission was accomplished—the Dean's window had been broken!

She: How can such a light man play in such a heavy line?

He: He's Scotch.

She: Well?

He: He refuses to give ground.

TO A BACHELOR

There was a time in my young life
 When I thought some day I'd take a wife
 My thoughts have changed, I've added years
 And now I much prefer my beers
 My wife perhaps would not like beer
 Perhaps revile this type of cheer
 Might lock the doors and the windows too
 To keep me from my beloved brew
 So all thoughts of love, I've put aside
 And do not want a blushing bride
 I'll live my life, yea many a year
 And through it all I'll have my beer.
 Aynde there once dydde exyste
 Inne ye little towne of Bethlehemme
 An magazyne so gude aynde puyre,
 Fewe folke there be who dydde it reade
 Ye cyrculation dydde fall offe
 Aynde lefte ye boarde quite poore.

Mother: "Why, daughter, how did you cut your chin?"

Daughter (returning from date): "William forgot to take off his glasses again."

Icko: "This house is complete all except for one room."

Iko: "What's that?"

Icko: "Standing room."

~ ~ ~ ~ ~



Would-be-bride: "Will you marry us?"
 Parson: "Do you both have clear titles, and for how long shall I make it?"

FRATERNITY LIFE

One of the most delightful practices of that great American institution known as fraternity life is that of having the opposite sex in evidence at dinner on Saturday evenings and at odd times on Sunday. Arrival about ten minutes late is the best way to start things right. When everyone rises at least one napkin is sure to be tucked neatly under the soup, and upon sudden removal usually effects a resounding clatter and splash which is just what is needed to put the assembly in the proper mood. When two Freshman have been evicted from the table to make way for the new arrivals everyone is again at ease. A little color is soon added to the affair when Brother Spivis, considerably inebriated, begins the one Jack told him in that dive on 53rd street. If he consents to be quieted he will probably be so emotionally upset that he will be forced to rush wildly from the room shortly afterwards to dispose of the cause of that nauseated feeling. A skillful waiter can usually be depended upon to succeed in dropping a knife or two down some of the feminine backs and in the resulting confusion deftly places the platter of pork chops on the floor. At which point Bonzo, the fraternity mut, rushes in and gobbles three of them before indigestion drives him from the room. The remains are then swept from the room into the kitchen where the chef finds a clean platter and returns them in great shape. No one seems to have much appetite but it's just as well. Funny how bread and butter just melt away though. Nearly everyone gets coffee, or is it tea, and all but seven or eight manage to pick up some dessert. To add to the collegiate atmosphere the head of the house begins to praise the ol' fraternity musically but his yells soon dwindle as he was never meant for solo work and no one else seems to know the thing he's hollering. After everyone has smoked up everyone's else's cigarettes the whole thing is given up and another good evening can be looked forward to with hopes of a better finale than it had prelude.

How To Become A Bona-fide Artist

First of all, tear down to Greenwich Village and rent a skylight apartment in a shoddy looking building where you climb ten flights of stairs.

Next, furnish the room with some risque paintings, luxurious deep-seated chairs, a couple of davenport, and lamps with subdued lights which your artistic soul will certainly require.

Then, wear a suit with patches galore, don't visit the barber for two months, and throw away all combs and brushes.

Following this, supply the apartment with a group of comely models who are sprawled all around the place.

Now you're all set, and get some painting supplies to complete the finishing touches.



Mary has consented to marry me at last.
That's what you get for being so damned
persistant.



Miss Lotta Wynde, the famous thespian, was in despair and didn't know what to do. And when Lotta Wynde, the world's most popular actress, was in despair, she certainly was—no doubt about that. Her latest play had failed to produce that much desired success; furthermore her popularity was waning. Could anything be worse? She had taken the blindfold test for Old Golds, recommended Hopeless Hosiery, and ate Fleishmans Yeast three times a day before meals.

Her publicity man was on the verge of nervous prostration since nothing could be done to keep her fame fresh before the public. Finally that human gift to fading actresses found a solution. Overjoyed and overjoyed once again, he rushed to the darling of the theater and shouted, "Now you are saved. Immortal fame will always be yours. You have not yet tried Klutch—which holds false teeth in the mouth securely and permanently."



The Original Scotch Version of "Auld Lang Syne"

Should auld acquaintance be forgot
And never brought to mind.
Should auld acquaintance be forgot
Please don't forget that dime.



"You know, roommate, all of your neckties are summer ties."
"How's 'at?"
"Oh, summer good, and summer not."

Famous Sayings Revised—

Whatever I have I owe to my landlady.
Down the river lies Lafayette.
I am sorry I have but one life to live on this campus.
They shall not pass my course.
Shave the women and children first.
In union there is trouble.
Vote early and often.



A silver dream spun by a silver moon,
A dream of red-gold hair and eyes of blue,
A dream of little words in lilting tune,
Hot, burning kisses—lilac scented June;
A dream of you.

A dream of carmine lips, alluring, sweet;
A night of stars of ever-changing hue.
Could I but wake, and stumbling to my feet,
Hear your laughter like the wind-swept wheat;
And find it true.



NONSENSE

What time is it?
Sunday.
Fine! I get off here.



**JUST ANOTHER LITTLE GIRL DOING HER
CHRISTMAS SHOPPING "OILY".**

They tell me he's not entirely honest.

Honest! Say, that guy would steal his own trunk.



Prof.: How would you address President Coolidge?

Stude: At the White House, sir.



She: Sniff, sniff, you are so inattentive lately.

He: What's the trouble now, sweetie.

She: Why you never even noticed my new garters.



Men are like old shoes. They have to be revamped.



Kindly soul: Dear, dear! Where did the cow kick you little girl?

Country lass: Between our house and the barn.



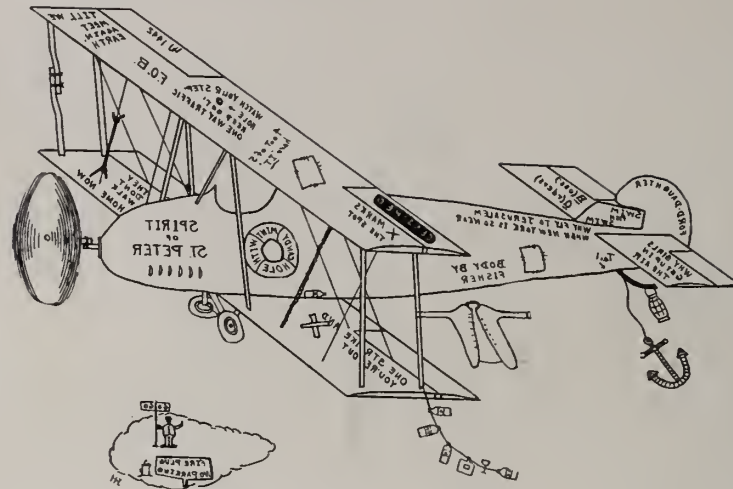
Storekeeper—Well! A new dollar bill.

Mike: Sure, and I just made it.



He: "My Gawd, you haven't been in another accident, Oscar!"

Him: "No. I just fell asleep in a pullman seat."



COLLEGIATE LIZZIE 1982

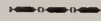


A: "I was a fool to throw that girl up."

B: "What's the matter? Didn't she agree with you?"



"There's a man who'll get ahead" said the tourist, pointing to a farmer planting cabbages.



"Will you kiss me?" "Isn't that just like a man, always trying to shift the responsibility?"—Mugwump.

I call my girl TREEsa because she WOODent let me kiss her.



"See that fellow there, he used to make mattresses but he lay down on the job and he got fired."



Grand Ma: "Where's Harold?" Brother: "Out riding with Ethel gas."

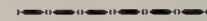


I call my girl Yale because she locks to be with me.



COME BACK

My own true love, I love you Dear And wish that you again were here But you are O so far away That it is difficult to say I love you Dear.



Rector: Is that your cigarette stub? Small Son: Go ahead, Dad, you saw it first.



I call my girl Calendar because she has so many dates.

DOWN BY THE RIO GRANDE

I say there old cow person chappe, I understand that the Mexican populace is not as clever as they bloody well might be. No Mr. Limey they aint. Jest yesterday I seen one of them greasers pull a trick that would of got him a job in any show west of Hong Kong. This mustache, and a few more loafin Mexes, was arguin in their own little way how strong this here dynamite was. One spig ups and says that one stick of this blasting stuff was enough to blow up a whole army of gringoes, and this here protege of Barnum's says that there wasn't nothing to it at all, and for proof he was willing to hold a chunck of it in his paw while one of his compadres blowed it off. Well the words get hotter and hotter as the boys warned to their argument, and pretty soon the lad who was going to do the holding act is made put his cards on the table and one of the other louses was sent over to the mine to get a stick of the big noise. Some of the friends and relatives of the wise guy persuade him that if he must hold this dissaster, that he ought to hold it around the corner of a house, just for safety's sake. After a little more arguin and five more cigarettes, this lout takes a firm hold of the blast and lights it. For his friends' sake, he sticks his arm around the corner of a brick house and calmly awaits for the noise. Well in about three seconds, BLAM!!! Off goes the mexes arm, and the whole corner of the house comes down on top of him. Well to make a long story short, three policemens run up and shake the lame brain loose from the foundations of the house and throw him in the stout house because they think he is a verolutionist, as he has blowed a corner off of the president's house.



Prof. Ullman (lecturing in Chemistry): "Now if I take a bath—"

Frosh (to classmate): "Huh! Party's getting wet."



The smoke of my pipe curls lazily up,
 And out in the drifting air;
 Where the mystic powers of the evening hours
 Form a pageant of it there.
 A host of time-dimmed memories
 Appear in the hazy cloud,
 Driving away the cares of day
 From the last of that happy crowd.
 A face with eyes of deepest blue
 And hair of a golden sheen
 Stands out as a vision come true
 In the midst of that wondrous dream.
 Then a faint wind blows, the picture goes,
 (It has never been seen in type)
 But if ever the picture I've seen comes true,
 I'm going to frame my pipe!



The popular boys have their own troubles at Xmas



TO ESTELLE

Long days have passed since we first met
 Through those who told your charms
 At sight of you my breath came quick
 And my blood flowed fast and warm.
 I'd looked for you for years gone by
 For eyes that shamed the sun
 And wondered nightly, half awake
 If there was such a one.
 That night—the dance—the revelry—
 The excitement on the floor
 The way you took my love and laughed
 Has made me love you more.



The editors take great pleasure in announcing that Burro has been pledged to the new campus fraternity FIE FIE FOR SHAME.



ECONOMICS

The way my friends smoke cigarettes
 Is quite a loss to me
 For I'm ever the consigner
 And never the consignee.

I loved her, yea I loved her
 But I didn't tell her so,
 And she met another sir
 Who to Lafayette did go.
 I'd like to tear him limb for limb
 For he took away my bim
 By simply telling her—
 "I love you."
 But I've learned my lesson
 And hereafter you'll hear me
 Sayin',—"I love you".
 And henceforth my motto is;
 "Love 'em and leave 'em".
 Read it and weep, ladies!!



You're arrested for loafing
 around here.
 But officer, I wasn't doing
 nothing.

AS THE FACULTY SEES US

♣ ♣

Did you get a hair cut?
 No, I just had my ears moved down a half an inch.

HOUSE PARTY

My dear, can you bear it, I just got back from Lehigh, and they had house party while I was there. It really was the most remarkable coincidence that it was the weekend that Jack invited me down. I had the most wonderful time! You know, the first night they had a dance that they called the Senior Ball, and it was the driest college dance I've been to in nineteen years. I actually felt like rolling over and buttering myself, because in the whole evening only seven people of our crowd passed out. Can you bear it, my dear, the dean stood around all evening and watched every movement that you made. And my dear, after the dance, we went out and Jack spilled beer all over himself, I mean he actually did. And we went home smelling just like a brewery. And the next day they actually gave us bracelets. I was all hot and bothered when I saw the little boxes they were in, but when I saw the bracelets I could have turned flipflops. That makes seventeen bracelets with fraternity seals on them. That afternoon they had a football game, and it was marvelous. Jack would explain everything to me and we actually saw a man make a home run. I just jumped up and down for joy when Jack told me that it was our team that made it. We won, too, because Jack told me afterwards that the score was 13-6 in our favor. And my dear, that night they actually had a dance at Jack's house. It was wonderful, and ever so much better than that Senior Brawl thing the night before. Next week I'm going down to a college called Lafayette, but Jack says that they're an awful wet bunch down there; he actually said that if you'd blow on them that they would ripple. So I'm not expecting an awfully good time down there. But, actually, Lehigh is a marvelous place.

Are you practicing medicine?
 No, economy.

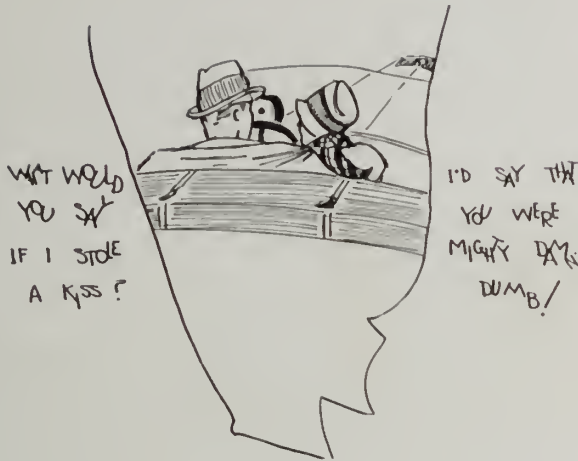
How about that frosh that smoked in class because he thought it was a pipe course.

"Any insanity in your family?"
 "Only one. I had a brother who bought a coon-skin to take a correspondent course in I. C. S."

"Did you make your class team?"
 "No, we had a coach."

CRIME

"I'm going to have that bootlegger arrested."
 "Why?"
 "He's dishonest."
 "Well you knew that long ago—what did he do now?"
 "Put water in his liquor—I saw him."
 "That's so it won't be so deadly."
 "Yes, but it's dishonest."



MY GIRL

She'd be pretty, with a different face,
 On different shoulders, in a different place;
 With a different figure on different feet,
 On different soles—a little petit.
 She'd be smart, with a different head,
 On a different neck, a swan's, instead;
 With a different mind and a different brain,
 And a different wit to make her sane.
 She'd be sweet, as a different girl,
 With a different temper—not awhirl;
 A different soul in a different body,
 A different person, not so soddy.
 But I call her Bee, she's my honey,
 Gosh! How I love her father's money.

No SURREY, I'm not BUGGEY! But I won't
 say you NEIGH, I'll do my BIT and try to BRIDLE
 my writings, they STIRRUP too much of a RUMPUS.
 That isn't the MANE idea, but it's good enough
 TAIL to tell, so don't put too much STOCK in it.
 But, after all, HOOF thought of that?
 Then again, it might REIN.

"Boy, my girl's a peach, and together, I don't
 mind telling you, we make some pear."
 "Can it, man, can it."

Judge: Occupation?
 Prisoner: I'm a Yellow Cab Driver.
 Judge: Not character. I want to know your
 employment.

A VISIT FROM MIKE

T'was the night before vacation, when all through
 the house
 Not a creature was stirring, not even a gouse;
 The mugs were hung by the chimney with care,
 In hopes the bartender soon would be there;
 The Brothers were nestled all snug under the beds,
 While visions of "Dago Red" danced in their heads;
 And Tom in his Goat Skin, and I in my draweration,
 Had just settled our brains for a long inebriation;
 When out on the lawn there arose such a rumpus,
 I thought some one had jarred my "Queen of The
 Campus".
 Out the window I flew like a flash,
 Tore down the shutters and tore up the sash.
 When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
 But a Chevey, hitting on two, with stripped gears,
 With a little old driver, so tight,
 I knew in a moment it must be Mike.
 As I drew in my neck, and turned my mug,
 Down the chimney Mike came with a jug.
 He had a Dutch face and a little round beer belly
 That shook, when he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly.
 He filled all the mugs; then crawled up the chimney
 like a pup,
 And Tom and I exclaimed, "Good cheer and bottoms
 up!"



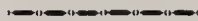
My God! What eyes.



C'mon fellowsh, lesh have a little 'likker
for the team.



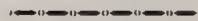
Burn no midnight oil, except gasoline
Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we may
Bust.



A girl in the moonlight is worth two in the sun.
If a girl looks good enough to eat, don't let her.
The early bird wears the best clothes.
It is a wise man that can keep track of his House
Party girl.



Vacation time
Xmas and New Years
Presents and flat bankrolls
Snow and ice
Skiing and skating
Wine and whiskey
Song and dance
Pretty women and pretty wild
Good times and how!



Late to bed and late to rise
Makes you dumb, weak, and an alumni

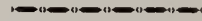
Johnny's nectar in the autumn,
And Johnny's nectar in the spring,
But last night on the back porch,
(I thought) Johnny's nectar best of all.



I saw her on the street one day—
Such color, grace and style,
If only she's be mine an hour
I should with just pride smile.
My bank account grew large that week
I determined to give her a trial,
So up I walked to the Drive-it-Yourself
And rode out at fifteen a mile.



Wifey: Isn't this cake delicious, dear?
Hubby: I don't care to bring that up again.



Says Indolent Isaac, "Call my ailin' annythin' you
want; but if it's Spring Fever, I've hed it sence las'
Christmas a year ago?"



Prof: Is that clear?
Stude: Clear as mud, but it covers the ground.



When your granddaddy died he left you one
grand, didn't he?
Yeah--One grand funeral bill.

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS

I'm going to be drunk tonight
 Drunk again tomorrow
 O what a wonderful feeling
 Without a care or a sorrow.
 These spirits are wonderful stuff
 I burn within and without
 O I'm going to be drunk tonight
 And tomorrow as drunk as a lout.
 I love to get tight at dances
 Also alone in my den
 And when I find that I'm sober
 I start all over again.
 O what a wonderful feeling
 I can dance and sing and be glad
 But my head is hell fire in the morning
 And I have nothing to do but be sad.
 I think what a fool I have been
 And decide to stay off of the stuff
 But when the night has come in
 I know that my thoughts were a bluff
 I know that I'm slipping down hill
 For me there isn't a chance
 But I'll not think of that and the future
 But I'll think of tonight and the dance.
 Tonight is New Year's Eve
 And I'll drink my share of the gin
 I'll make some good resolutions
 And try to start over again.



MAC

PEACHES STEWED --



JUST BEFORE CHRISTMAS

You go without lunch, so you can pack
 And make the early train.
 You cut your last few classes,
 Though it causes you much pain.

You are down at the station cursing
 Yours, a student's fate.
 You're there an hour early,
 And the train's two hours late.



Here lies the body of Dewhitney Blases
 He said "Two pair"
 When he held four aces.



1st Student: Do you think you'll pass the course?

2nd Idiot: I expect to pass with Es, (ease). This is subtle.

"Go to blazes!", said the fire chief as the alarm bell rang.

He: After we die, all women will go to Hell.

She: Maybe so, but the men will be there too, 'cause they're always after us.



Clothes may make the man, but they help the men make the women.



Professor Cowan says that accounting was evolved by the present complexity of business life, but Burro still maintains that Adam and Eve started the loose leaf system.



Records of The Dutch Rhodes Scholar

Drank two gallons of beer without spilling it.

Paid for his tuition through college playing Pinochle.

Ate three quarts of sauerkraut and two dozen frankfurters and drank four pitchers of beer at one meal.

Swore at the Dean (in Dutch) and got away with it.



That guy over there talks with that dumb dutch accent.

Oh, you mean my father?

Perfectly charming dialect isn't it?

A LEHIGH CREDO

That Lehigh men can drink more beer than men from any other college in the country.

That we have a football team, and that we're going to have a darn sight better one next year.

That Lafayette is a phooey college.

That those who do not take M. S. and T. think it is a very good course.

That the professors in the Arts department are all Socialists.

That fraternity men are perpetually drunk.

That visits to the dean's office are all right unless you go by special invitation.

That each year's Frosh are dumber than those of the preceding year.

That house party is the best thing that ever happens around this place.

That the Bethlehem Police Force certainly does keep this city clean.

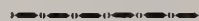
That the only time any one reads college humor is when the freshmen bring them to college with them.

That the faculty are one thing about college that we just have to put up with.

That at the last Lehigh-Lafayette game, when Lehigh would cheer, the alcohol could be smelled clear over on the Lafayette side.

That the only acts worse than those given at amateur night at the Globe are the regular acts the Globe usually has.

That the Burr sometimes has some good stuff in it, but that this is not part of it.



How'ya doin', Bub?

Oh, I can't kick.

'Smatter, break a leg?



A Dutch Father Prepares His Son For Life

Mine son, when you go oudt into life, pe kind to everybody. Luf your neighbor. Vork hardt at collich. Try to pe the pest in your class insteadt uf the vurst. See if you can't pe the champion peer drinker. Learn your trade vell, and you shall re-choice in your oldt ache when you can pe a goot partender.



Then there is the Professor who, on coming down to breakfast and finding his car gone, broke his eggs, stepped into the yellow and rode down town.

"I'm giving Schicks
for Christmas
this year"

The whole male tribe
must modernize

It's up to us fellows to keep the family and friends up to date. And when I stop to think of Dad and a whole flock of brothers, cousins and uncles scraping and slicing away with their old hoes and battle-axes while I just wave the whiskers away with my Schick . . .

Why it's not only a privilege but a duty to wish 'em a Merry Christmas with a Schick.

Dad'll be as tickled as a kid with a new toy when he finds there are 20 blades in Schick's handle and you just pull out the plunger and snap it back to replace the old blade with a fresh one.

And those superkeen Schick blades that shave as no other blade ever shaved—talk about your "school-boy" with his shining morning face"—I'm going home Christmas just to be beamed on by my male relatives.

It's a hit, fellows. Get your orders in early.
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Our dumbest freshman wanted to know if a Scotchman ever gave a dam.—*Satyr.*

Doctor: "What you need is a little sun."

Warm Young Thing: "Oh, Doctor!"—*Amherst Lord Jeff.*

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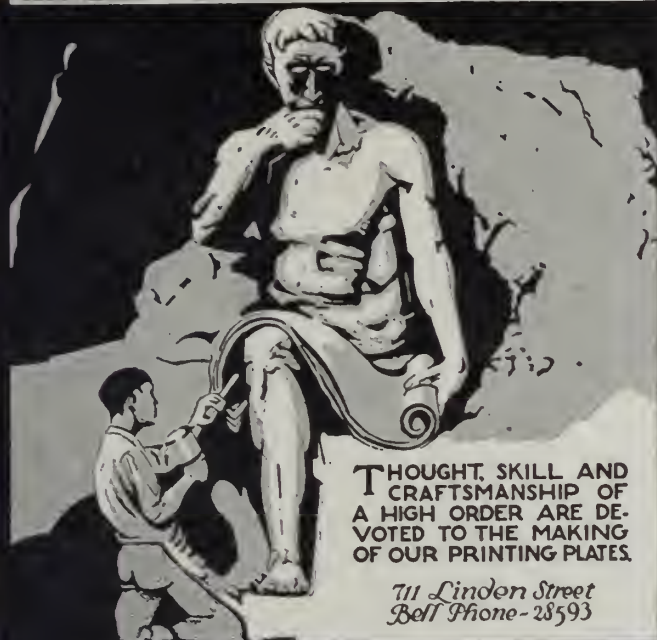
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May: "They say that a single oyster will lay from one to eight million eggs a year."

Sue: "Gosh! And think of the married ones."—*Exchange*.



"I see by the paper that a widower with nine children has married a widow with seven children."

"That was no marriage. That was a merger."—*Oregon Orange Owl*.



Model: "What is the thing about me you like?"

Artist: "Nothing".—*Jester*.



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writers and artists should please you!

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A HARDENED CRIMINAL

Judge: "Were you ever in
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Prisoner: "Well, a librarian
fined me two cents once."—*Cornell
Ollapod.*

Liza went into a drug store and
asked for a penny's worth of in-
sect powder.

Clerk: "Why, lady, that isn't
enough to wrap up."

Liza: "I ain't asked you to
wrap it up—jes' blow it down my
back."—*Exchange.*

Alpha: "There goes a man of
great calibre."

Phi: "You mean bore."—*Orange
Peel.*

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and we build our Collegi-
ans to satisfy those pref-
erences.



He: "Do you know what I like best about you?"

She: "No."

He: "My arms."—*Chanticleer*.



Traffic Cop: "Use your noodle, lady! Use your noodle!"

Lady: "My goodness, where is it? I've pushed and pulled everything in the car."—*Wampus*.



"That is a skyscraper," announced the guide.

Old Lady: "Oh, my! I'd love to see it work."—*Ollapod*.

MATINEE
2:15 P. M.
EVENING
THREE SHOWS
6:30—7:30—9:30



MATINEE
2:15 P. M.
EVENING
THREE SHOWS
6:30—7:30—9:30

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BETHLEHEM, PA.

I had a girl,
 Fairest of the fair;
 I call her Fannie
 'Cause she gave me the air.

Lehigh: "Who's the spiffy dame
 coming down the stairs?"

University: "That's my weak-
 ness now."

KOCH BROTHERS

CENTRE SQUARE---ALLENTOWN

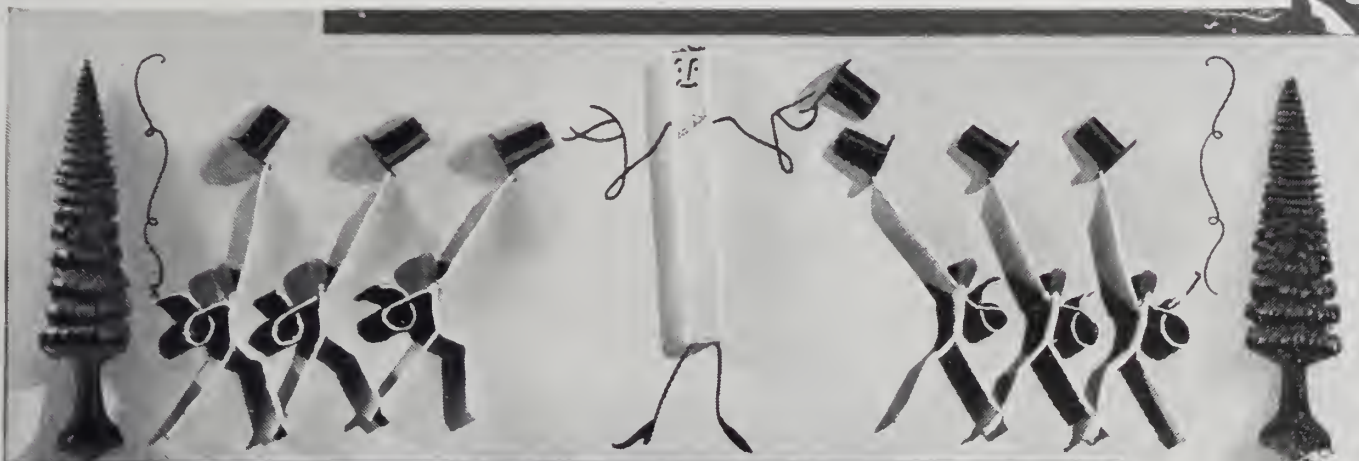
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You: What's the hyphen in
 bird-cage for.

Me: For the bird to sit on fool!

**May Your Christmas
be as MERRY
as you have made
OLD GOLD'S**



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